

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

HER MAJESTY.

She wears a royal, golden crown,
Our little, laughing, shy-faced queen;
The clustering curls o'er eyes of brown,
Are bright as summer starlight's sheen.

She sways a scepter o'er us all,
And we obey each proud command;
For we are held in slavery's thrall
By that imperial, dimpled hand.

Her robes of state are pure as snow,
In every heart she finds a throne.
In all the land she has no foe;
The name of rebel is unknown.

Her loyal subjects, low and high,
Fall many a costly tribute bring;
The glories of her kingdom, I,
Her humble poet-laureate, sing.

Around my neck her soft arms twine,
My song is smothered in her curls;
Her sweet, fresh lips are pressed to mine,
Oh, Baby—little queen of girls!

—Golden Days.

STORY TELLER.

A GOOD SHOEMAKER.

I was born in the Luxembourg just about fifty years ago. Goodness! how I used to work at the bench when I was a lad, sewing and hammering, hammering and sewing on boots and shoes. That was that dear old father of mine, with his steel rimmed spectacles perched on his nose, who set me an example of thrift and honesty. "Above all," he used to say to us, for a brother then worked with me, "be a good shoemaker. Never scamp anything. Do the best you can, and do it all the time."

We would work from sunrise until far into the night. The pay we got was little enough—so small that we used to watch the candle that fluttered in the wind and worry over its cost. If we worked very, very hard, and custom was good, we might count a gain of two sou's each; but sometimes we would all stop pegging away, because the poor people in our village had no money to spend for shoes. Oh, how difficult it was to buy a sack of coarse flour or a little scrap of meat! We lived from hand to mouth. Poor old father! Do what we could to help him, he got into debt, and owed at one time as much as 30 francs. What a huge sum that seemed to me to be! What a whole mountain of embarrassment!

I starved myself in order to put a little money aside. One day I said to father; "This thing don't work. I am going to clear out. I can't stand it."

"You will leave me, my son? Your old father is an encumbrance to you?"

"No, not at all. But I must go away to work for him."

"It is well," replied my father. "You are a good shoemaker. Your stitches are strong and even. You shape well. Go and see the world, and God's blessing accompany you."

I went to Paris, and led a miserable life there for a time. I hardly gained my bread at first. The habits of the Parisian shoemakers horrified me, for I had been brought up by a pious father. I was a good workman, however, and after awhile found steady employment; but I could help poor father but very little. Oh, it used to make my heart sore to think of him cramped up in his little dingy room, working away for dear life, with a meager reward of a crust of bread. The habits of economy he taught me helped me then. I scraped together son by son, and at last sent him 10 francs. He wrote me that the sum had saved him from being turned out of his poor old chamber. "This will never do," said I. "I must go somewhere else. I am a good shoemaker, and my experience in Paris has given me the finishing touch. I must go somewhere else, where the art of Crispin will be appreciated."

One fine day in 1850 I took a place as landsman on an English bark, from Havre to Boston. I landed in the United States with just 40 cents (two francs) in my pocket. I sought work at once. I saw in a little shoemaker's shop up a narrow street a sign written on paper and stuck on the glass with wafers. I could not read it. I did not know a single word of English then, but over the door there was a German name. I made bold to enter, and talked German to the proprietor. "Sit down," he said, "on that bench, and sew me on that sole."

"I am a fair shoemaker, and you will see," I replied.

It was a pleasure to take hold of the tools once more; they seemed to know me. How I blessed my father then! My boss was satisfied, and I got a job right off at \$1 a day and my food. This was a fortune to me

then. I worked for six months steadily, and, save for a second-hand pair of trousers, bought by me at a bargain, I hoarded every penny. I sent the dear old father \$50, and back came his blessing. He wrote he had never seen so much money at one time in his life. But I was ambitious. Just then the California fever was raging. Something told me to go to the Pacific coast. I took ship and crossed the isthmus. Just before arriving at San Francisco there was a heavy gale; we came near being shipwrecked, and I lost my hat. I remember that quite well. I landed with exactly \$1. On board there was a carousing shoemaker, who had been sent for from the East by a man who kept a shop in San Francisco. I heard him say that he had come before his time, and that, anyhow, if he could do no better, he was going to work at cobbling. He mentioned the name of the man who was to hire him, and I had his consent to apply for the place.

I went to the shoe shop at once and asked for the position.

"It is given to another man who ought to be here soon, and I can't make use of you. Besides you have no hat."

"That makes no difference," I replied. "I see shoemakers' wages are \$6 a day (it was the flush times of California then); give me \$3 and feed me, and only let me stay till the man you hired turns up, for I am indeed a shoemaker."

The boss gave a kind of grudging consent. Then I set to work, and slept that night in the shop. When the master came to the shop in the morning, he found everything in elegant order, and I had \$5 before breakfast by mending a boot. I suited him exactly, for I am a good shoemaker. I lived with the man for a year, and saved all my money. I sent the dear old fellow at home \$100. If you could only have seen the letter that came back! The blessed old daddy wanted to know if I thought he was a spendthrift. That \$100 he he was going to make do for the next three years! There was a chance I heard of in Sacramento. I went there, my master giving me some of his shopworn stock. I did splendidly. In six months I had made for my share \$3,000. My fortune was before me. Poor old daddy was not forgotten. I got a cross letter from him this time, the poor, simple soul wanted to know whether I thought he was going to the dogs. Did I want to make him a drunkard, a gourmand, and put all kinds of temptation in his way. Too much money was the source of all evil. I was robbing myself to pamper him. But for all that there was lots of sweetness in the letter.

Well, I thought that fortune was now mine. But one night a bad fire broke out and I was burned out. Fires occurred in Sacramento every night, and were the work of thieves. I gathered together the few pairs of boots I could put my hands on, and placed them, with my money, all in gold, in a trunk, and I carried it out of the wooden shanty just as the roof fell in. For better security, I sat on my trunk, and gazed bewildered like at the flames. "I have something left," I said, "after all, to begin the world with." Just then I was struck a heavy blow over the head with a club, and lost all consciousness. When I came to I found myself on the ground, and my trunk gone. The thieves had done the business for me. Ah, then I gave myself up, just for a moment, to utter despair. "I am ruined, ruined forever; poor old daddy!" I thought. But I was not ruined, for that blow on the head was the means of making my fortune.

I did not cry over things much, for I am a good shoemaker, and that is always a solid capital. I had a little money in my pocket, and I went to San Francisco. I knew my old master would take me back, and he did so. I resumed my old place. There was an auctioneer among his customers, with the tenderest feet I ever saw, and, as I am a good shoemaker, that explains all my good luck. This auctioneer had been grumbling ever since I left San Francisco. When he saw me, he was delighted. "At least now," he said, "I am out of my great misery. I shall limp no longer." I at once made him a pair of shoes, and he was delighted.

One day he said to me: "I had an auction yesterday, and put up, without getting a single bidder, a lot of very fine French boots. They won't sell, because there is a glut of boots on the market. They were imported a year ago, but the shape is out of fashion now. It was a square

one then, now it is a round one. Do you buy them?"

"How much?" I asked.

"Make your own price."

"But I have no money."

"That makes no difference; you may have them on credit; pay me when you can."

I went to look at those cases of boots. They were of the finest quality, and excellent as to make. Some of them were cavalry boots, but such as only dandy horsemen or general officers wear. Remember, I am a good shoemaker and know my trade. I bought those boots at \$1 a pair. The leather alone was worth twice that. At night I used to work on them. I made the square toes pointed—for I am a good shoemaker. Some of them I cut down into booties. Oh, I worked night after night on them, after hours. Then I hired a small shop, and hung up a few pairs in the window. A Mexican came first.

"How much?"

"Ten dollars."

He took the boots. Then a miner passed.

"How much?"

"Fifteen dollars."

Then a gentleman on a fine horse came by and looked from his horse at the boots, then he tied up his horse and asked:

"How much?"

"Twenty dollars."

He put down a double eagle. I must have made \$2,500 clear on those boots, and I put in my pocket \$6,000 in three weeks. I worked on for a year and made money in my trade steadily, for I am a good shoemaker. Then I got married in San Francisco to a woman I loved, and my married life has been a very happy one. It was with a pang that I said to my wife, I must leave you, my love, for a short time—only long enough to pay my dear old daddy a visit. I left my business in her charge. It was a voyage of business and pleasure, for I went to Paris to buy goods.

Poor old daddy! There was the same magpie in the wicker work basket, and he saluted me, for he remembered me. When I was a little boy I stuck a tail of false feathers on him with some cobble's wax. He never forgot me, and shuffled his feathers at me as soon as he saw me, as if my insult to him had been of recent date. There was hardly a change in the room. There hung father's old watch, as big as a saucer, ticking away with a spray of boxwood over it for luck. Then there was on the shelf the same old earthenware jug. The handle I broke one unfortunate day, and a piece of leather was bound round it. He had the same awl in his hand—at least it was the same handle, for I once came near getting a thrashing for having whittled it. Even an old almanac of a year long past was there, tacked to the wall with shoe brads. He had on the same apron, only it was worn thinner.

The dear old father was bending over his work, pounding slowly on some bit of leather on a last. You could count one, two, three, four between the hammerings. In my time it was rat-tat-tat, like a drum beating, with no interval between the strokes. I strode in, and the old gentleman first looked at my feet. That was a way he had. At a glance—for he was the king of shoemakers—he could take in all the differences between your foot and the feet of the rest of the world. He looked and looked again. He must have recognized a family foot, for I saw his hands tremble. Then he pushed up his steel rimmed spectacles, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he rose and tottered and then fell into my arms. How we kissed one another!

"My son, my son, you would never have succeeded had you not been a good shoemaker; you never scamped anything; you did the best you could all the time," was what he said when I told him of my good luck.

"Like my dear old daddy did before me," I added. Then I kicked over his work-bench and said, "No more work for you, old pappy, for I am rich. I have a wife; I have a baby—a boy baby, named after you—and you are to take the cars, first class, to-morrow or the day afterward, and come post haste out of the old country to California, so that your grandchild may sit on your knee, and you shall teach him to be honest and pious and to love you."

"And may I not make him a good shoemaker?" he asked. "But you go too fast. Let me think over it. You ask me to leave this old Luxembourg, where I was born. I should never see again the grave where your mother,

my good wife, has slept for this last thirty years. I should be in the way. I love my old trade. Do they wear shoes in California. May I cobble there? I assure you, though the hog-bristles bother me just a little at times, and my hammer moves just a trifle slower, still I can turn out a very decent job. I wonder if I cannot beat you now. Come, let us try."

To please the old man I took up a bit of work and commenced on it.

"It was well done," said father, admiringly. "I see you have not forgotten my lessons. Perhaps that one stitch there is not quite—quite as it should be. My remarks don't worry you? Still, and he held out with his shaky hands the old boot near his eye, "it will pass muster."

At last the blessed old man consented to go with me. Next day we had a feast in the village. All the old cronies were invited—the cooper, the watchmaker, the butcher, the drover, the tailor, and tax collector.

The curate gave the party his blessing. Oh, what a good time we had! The old man introduced me to every one as M., the American shoemaker, who had learned his trade in the Luxembourg. We kept it up all that afternoon and late into the evening. It was a feast such as that sleepy old town will remember for many a day. Just occasionally I noticed that the old man weakened when some ancient chum took him by the hand to bid him good-by. Then I would say: "Dear daddy, it's your grandchild that claims you. How do you ever expect that he will be a good shoemaker without your teaching him?" That was an all-powerful argument. The blessed old man made the trip with me across the ocean with much fatigue. How glad my wife was to see her husband and his father, and as to the baby, he went at once into his grandpapa's arm.

Of course, father was too old to go to work, but still he insisted on having his bench. As he grew feeble, the stitches became more uneven, and we were often alarmed about his awl shipping, which might have pricked him. Helveth, though, happily with us for many years. He grew more unsteady by day, and wandered a little; but still he would spend an hour or two every day at the bench. He made a goat harness for the little boy, and quite a number of pretty things in leather.

One day I heard him in his room tapping, tapping away on his lapstone with more than ordinary vigor. Then I listened to him. He said: "A good job—a very good job. Capital, though I ought not to praise myself. There never was but one man who could equal me, and that was my dear, dear son; and his son, my grand-son, shall also be a first-class shoemaker, if the good God, whose name be blessed, only lets me live a little, a very little longer."

And then I heard the rattle of the hammer, as if it had dropped on the floor, and I went into his room, and there the dear old man had passed quietly away with a last prayer upon his lips. There are no shoemakers now like those in the old times.

Rubbers and Rubber Garments.

However useful these may prove while walking in the snow, mud, water, or during a fierce storm, it is quite possible that their abuse even more than counterbalances their benefits, at least, in some instances.

The use of rubbers is to prevent the wetting of the feet, when specially exposed, which implies that they should only be worn when thus exposed, and not constantly, or in the house, particularly in a warm room. If it is necessary that the waste matters of the body shall pass off constantly, as constantly as they are produced by activity, to be replaced by daily food, it is undesirable to have this perspiration as constantly retained about the feet by such rubbers.

Rubbers produce no moisture, but simply retain that which is escaping from the feet, which seem unusually active in this escape of poisonous matter from the body, which accounts for the dampness of the feet after wearing rubbers. This is not simple dampness, like water, which is sufficiently bad, but a compound of water and the semi-putrid waste of the ever-decaying body, a part of which is re-absorbed, resulting in a case of partial "blood-poisoning." The same principles apply with equal force to the use of all tightly-fitting garments, stockings, etc., just to the extent that they obstruct the escape of the perspiration. Indeed, this retention, whether from the use of rubbers and garments or by a "cold"—the closing of the

pores—is the direct cause of a large per cent of the more acute forms of disease. The absolute retention of this, for the whole body, would ordinarily produce death in a few days. It is safe, therefore, to lay aside rubbers, etc., on going into warm rooms, or when not actually needed for protection.—*Western Ploverman.*

Playing Fifteen Games of Chess at Once.

Mr. Alex. Sellman attempted the difficult feat of playing fifteen simultaneous games of chess last night at the rooms of the chess association on Charles Street. The boards were ranged around the room on three sides of the quadrangle, and besides the players there were many lookers-on.

The players against Mr. Sellman were Messrs. W. B. Digges, E. S. Howell, J. D. McPherson, Wm. Baumgarten, P. H. Seibert, Jos. Sigmund, Louis Roetger, Wm. J. Roetger, L. H. Tharp, H. G. Dallam, G. N. Hughes, N. Dawson, H. Wenzing, John Hinrichs, J. A. Congdon. Mr. Digges, who was No. 1, fell a victim to Mr. Sellman's play before 10:30. Mr. Sellman's openings were all of the most vigorous kind. He had first move in each game and opened it well before he abandoned it for the next. His first moves were usually king's pawn or queen's bishop's pawn. The result of the games were as follows: Sellman won eleven games; lost one each to H. G. Dallam, Louis Tharp and J. A. Congdon, and drew with Edwin C. Howell. Mr. Sellman, although not in good health, made a better score than expected.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Mr. Alex. Sellman, the champion chess player of Maryland, is a deaf-mute, well-known in the chess playing world. The Maryland Chess Club, of which he is a member, sent him to the World's Chess Tournament in London, England, to play match-games with the great players, and, if I remember aright, he won the fourth prize. He has a deaf-mute sister in Annapolis, Md.

A New England Thanksgiving.

EDITOR OF DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

DEAR SIR:—Our National Thanksgiving Day, has come and gone. It was my delightful enjoyment to celebrate along with Miss Sarah Emanuel, of Brooklyn, at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Pratt, father and mother of my own son-in-law, J. W. Pratt, husband of my Leonora. Our New England friends know how to make the most genuine old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. It needs a strong table to hold the good things placed on it, and when our host and hostess, carved and dished up the eatables, all steaming hot, we grew hungry as we looked on the savory dishes, and in my heart I pitied the poor

ladies who voluntarily contributed the nice pastries for these meals, were Mrs. C. Cotton, apple and pumpkin pies; Mrs. E. P. Holmes, mince pies; Belle Larson, apple pies and cabbage salad; Attie Left, cocoanut layer cakes; Nettie Spaulding, ginger snaps; Lizzie Doyle, lemon snaps; L. Strening, silver cakes; Mrs. G. Christenson, sponge cakes and biscuits; Mrs. Jno. Gallagher, chocolate cake; Mrs. Jno. Schorr, cocoanut layer cake; Maggie Nanney, watermelon cake; Mrs. Norris, fine loaves of bread; Mollie Buel, jelly cake, and Frederica Korette, jelly cake. The gentlemen provided four turkeys (55 lbs.), apples, nuts, candies, oranges, raisins, celery, cranberries, etc. Besides the above named ladies who were also present at the service, were Mrs. F. Raffington and Misses L. Jones, B. Arnonson, J. Whalen, C. Gunn, Mary J. Porter, Florence Woods, and Miss Skinner, of Colorado, and Messrs. J. R. Cotton, Robert Cotton, G. A. Christenson, J. E. Gallagher, Samuel Norris, E. Holmes, Jas. Gibney, Jno. Gage, Jno. Vietz, Matt. Mullen, E. Weller, Wm. Calkins, Wm. Gibney, L. M. Larson, Jno. Schorr, T. Gustin, E. Hunter, Geo. Keller, J. Klienhaus and G. Dougherty, of St. Louis, Mo. All things went on very nicely, and they all had a splendid time.

The committee on monthly soirees has just decided to suspend an Xmas soiree in order to enable all the mutes in this city to attend two grand levees which will take during the last week of this month.

A grand levee will be given by the Chicago Mute Circle at Gleason's Hall, cor. West Madison St. and Bishop Court, Friday evening, December 28th, 1883. Masquerading, dancing and other parlor amusements, will be the main features of the levee. Tickets to the levee, admitting gentleman and lady, 75 cents, and supper at 12 p.m., \$1 per couple. All are invited to attend the levee. The Committee of Arrangements for this Levee are G. A. Christenson, Chief Manager; Jno. R. Cotton, Assistant Manager; E. P. Holmes, Treasurer; L. M. Larson, Secretary; Samuel Norris, J. Klienhaus and Jas. H. Gibney. Tickets for the Levee are now ready.

Wm. A. Calkins, of Baraboo, Wis., has a good situation as a printer in the Chicago Legal News Office.

Henry Reed, B.A., of Menasha, Wis., was here on a visit in this city during the past Thanksgiving week. He says some mutes from Wisconsin are expected to attend the coming Levees.

Melville E. Cox, of Crown Point, Ind., was here on a visit in this city with his father, who is a Methodist pastor. He said he would like to get work as soon as possible.

Miss Skinner, of Colorado, is now visiting her friends in this city.

Dec. 6, '83.

Chicago.

On Wednesday, November 21st, the Chicago Mute Circle met in the Farwell Hall building, to listen to a lecture on "Changes in the Calendar," delivered by Lars M. Larson. He described the etymology of the word Calendar, and told how all the months of the year happened to be named, and of the various historical changes which has taken place in the calendar of the past. He said that men in olden times made frequent errors in arranging the division of the time, but corrections from time to time have made the present calendar quite correct. He also said that many thousands of almanacs in different styles, were distributed merely as advertisements in the industrial and commercial world. In conclusion, he described the usefulness of the calendar to the whole world, and after an hour had been spent in social converse, the meeting broke up.

The Mute Circle suspended a Sabbath meeting for the service conducted by Rev. A. W. Mann at Christ's Church, Sunday afternoon, November 25th.

The Circle met again, December 5th, at the same place at 7 p.m. The question, "Is it best for the Deaf to marry among themselves?" was a very interesting subject for debate. Messrs. G. A. Christenson, E. W. McCarthy, Wm. Gibney, L. M. Larson, I. Blood, E. Weller, Samuel Norris and E. P. Holmes each took active part in the exercises. Various arguments were given and were better than was expected, and the Circle was much pleased. The affirmative side won by a majority of four votes.

L. M. Larson will lecture before the Circle next Sunday.

The Mute Circle held a grand Thanksgiving service at Mr. John R. Cotton's residence. It was a decided success. At noon, all who were invited to the service, began to arrive. Conversation was in full blast until dinner, which occurred at 3 p.m. The bill of fare was first class, and at nine o'clock in the evening refreshments were again served. The following ladies who voluntarily contributed the nice pastries for these meals, were Mrs. C. Cotton, apple and pumpkin pies; Mrs. E. P. Holmes, mince pies; Belle Larson, apple pies and cabbage salad; Attie Left, cocoanut layer cakes; Nettie Spaulding, ginger snaps; Lizzie Doyle, lemon snaps; L. Strening, silver cakes; Mrs. G. Christenson, sponge cakes and biscuits; Mrs. Jno. Gallagher, chocolate cake; Mrs. Jno. Schorr, cocoanut layer cake; Maggie Nanney, watermelon cake; Mrs. Norris, fine loaves of bread; Mollie Buel, jelly cake, and Frederica Korette, jelly cake. The gentlemen provided four turkeys (55 lbs.), apples, nuts, candies, oranges, raisins, celery, cranberries, etc. Besides the above named ladies who were also present at the service, were Mrs. F. Raffington and Misses L. Jones, B. Arnonson, J. Whalen, C. Gunn, Mary J. Porter, Florence Woods, and Miss Skinner, of Colorado, and Messrs. J. R. Cotton, Robert Cotton, G. A. Christenson, J. E. Gallagher, Samuel Norris, E. Holmes, Jas. Gibney, Jno. Gage, Jno. Vietz, Matt. Mullen, E. Weller, Wm. Calkins, Wm. Gibney, L. M. Larson, Jno. Schorr, T. Gustin, E. Hunter, Geo. Keller, J. Klienhaus and G. Dougherty, of St. Louis, Mo. All things went on very nicely, and they all had a splendid time.

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FLINT INSTITUTION.

Mr. Henry Germer is working at his trade of shoemaking, for himself, this winter.

Mr. John Ansbrow has been shoemaking for Messrs. Barker and Ripley about four years.

Messrs. John Ansbrow and Henry Germer, both deaf-mutes of Flint, attend the chapel services at the Flint Institution every Sunday morning.

Mr. John Tracy works for Mr. Wright on a farm about two miles from Flint.

All of the teachers and pupils enjoyed themselves very much in dancing and playing games, at the Thanksgiving Social.

There are 260 pupils in this Institution.

We have a new Principal, named Mr. Gass.

Yours truly,
MICHIGANDER.

GALLAUDET AND CLERC.

MR. EDITOR:—We have heard it stated that the prices for admission and supper, at the Gallaudet and Clerc Celebration in Boston, Dec. 17th, are too exorbitant. We regret very much such should have been said by some mutes, who have not paused to think what they paid for their education. The best riches consists not in earthly goods. If we do not obtain them by our own labor, what merit can we expect for it, and if we do how easy it is to lose them by accident or otherwise, and then all our labor would be in vain. But it is not so with education. He who has it once cannot lose it by accident nor can it be forced from him, he will always have it with him, adding to the pleasures of life, bearing him up in adversity, checking the violence of his passions, training him to habits of industry, temperance and benevolence. It is through the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Clerc that we are saved from darkness. The minister went to England and Scotland to be acquainted with the sign language, but was unsuccessful. Then he went to Paris, where God rewarded him for his untiring labors. But we ask, "Did any mute send him?" Have these unthinking mutes thought of the above? Let the name of GALLAUDET be sacred and dear to every mute in America. Just think the lamented Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet first founded a school for the beginners; his oldest son, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet first established a church for the mutes as a class to worship in; his youngest son, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet first opened the college doors for the advancement of their learning.

Let us think our money a secondary matter this time, and "jine ranks" on Dec. 17th, to do honor to their memory.

We desire to say again that the prices are not excessive but respectable, thanks to the good efforts of the two enterprising mutes, George H. Holmes and Prof. Harry White.

JOHN F. DONNELLY.

Wise Words.

Fools will often make success where prudent people fail.

We cannot become liberal unless we avoid petty motives.

The bane of distrust will tend to extinguish inspiration.

Honesty of purpose must not be held as evidence of ability.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

THE GALLAUDET CLUB.

Honoring the Birth of a Great Philanthropist.

A GRAND DINNER, AND A BRILLIANT SCENE.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

It has been asserted that gratitude is a flower that blooms not in the hearts of deaf-mutes. While we deny that this, in a universal sense, is true, we cannot but admit that in numerous instances there has been considerable ground upon which to base the conclusion, yet—

"Breathes there the mute with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
Dear Gallaudet, we owe thee much,
Whose heart within him never hath burned,
Whose to that friend his thoughts have turned,
That friend—were many such?"

If peradventure such a person exists, he surely cannot be found in the ranks of the New York Gallaudet Club, an organization which numbers among its members many of the most intelligent, respectable and influential representatives of Gotham's silent population.

The Club, which sprang into existence less than a year ago, and which was christened in honor of the man whom, it is universally acknowledged, accomplished more for the welfare of the deaf than any other earthly friend, was established with due regard for social as well as intellectual benefit and diversion. One of its chief pleasures is the Annual Dinner in honor of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the first one of which was successfully commemorated at Fleischman's, Broadway and 10th Street, on the evening of Monday, December 10th.

The neatly-printed and tasteful cards of invitation which were sent to friends by individual members of the Club, calling for a prompt appearance at eight o'clock, were, by an almost universal coincidence, interpreted as meaning a half hour later by the fair sex, who compelled their impatient escorts to be fashionable for once, and prolonged their toilette-making till the last possible moment, thereupon necessitating their arrival long after the prescribed time.

THE BANQUET HALL.

A glance into the dining hall before the guests had assembled, revealed a strikingly beautiful scene. The table was laid out in a style that reflected the utmost credit on and spoke volumes for the excellent taste of Mr. Jacques Loew, under whose immediate supervision it had been arranged, that gentleman having passed the entire day in the building perfecting details. A magnificent silver set which had been procured from Tiffany's expressly for the occasion, graced the head of the banquet board, which was surrounded by flowering plants and shrubs, making the apartment redolent with delicious perfume. Towers of rare flowers were artistically blended in between pyramids of confectionery, and a choice bouquet reposed near each plate.

The grand march commenced at a little before nine o'clock, headed by President E. A. Hodgson and wife, the distinguished guests following under escort of the Executive Committee of the Club, the members and their friends bringing up the rear in appropriate order.

A blessing having been invoked upon the feast by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, guest and member proceeded immediately to make acquaintance with the profusion of toothsome viands.

WHO WERE PRESENT.

The president occupied the head of the table. On his right hand were seated Mrs. Hodgson, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet. On his left, Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Peet. Extending down the table were Mr. and Mrs. John Carlin, Theo. A. Froehlich, Miss Koffman, A. A. Barnes, Miss Noble, F. R. Stryker, Miss Mitchell, T. F. Fox, Miss Barrager, W. G. Jones and wife, Messrs. Heyman, Miss V. Gallaudet, C. R. Thomson, Miss Berley, Joseph and Miss Mary Sonneborn, E. Souwaine, Miss Shute, G. C. W. Ganage, Miss Prudence Lewis, L. N. Soper, Miss Loomis, E. Basch, Miss Walker, A. S. Guggenheimer, Miss Pancoast, L. Trust, Miss Trust, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain and wife, M. Sonneborn, C. Q. Mann, Jacob Levy, Ernest Levy, Francis Lotter, and the ever affable Jacques Loew.

THE MENU.

The Menu, which was gotten up and presented to the Club by that great hearted and generous friend of deaf-mutes, Mr. Jacques Loew, was a most elaborate affair. It was both unique in design, excellent in workmanship, and beautiful in appearance. The Menu was fastened by crimson silk braid inside of a portfolio-shaped cover of gold-colored satin, bordered with a fancy fringe of crimson silk, having quilted satin pockets on the inside and on the front an engraved portrait of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, while the back was relieved by the Club's monogram. The Menu proper was printed in carmine upon a gold-colored satin ground. It consisted of four pages, the first and fourth of which contained the announcement of the banquet, and the names of the officers of the Club, the

committee on the dinner, and the Executive Committee. The inside pages set forth the following:

MEN U.
OYSTERS.
Blue Points on half shell.
SOUP.
Consomme printaniere Royal.
FISH.
Salmon, sauce Hollandaise pomme duchesse.
REMOVE.
Sirloin of Beef larded, pomme Julien.
French String Beans.
ENTREE.
Salmi of Duck with Spanish Olives.
ROMAN PUNCH.
ROAST.
Young Turkey with Cranberry Sauce, Lettuce, Compot.
PUDDING.
Cabinet with Sauce Vanille.
DESSERT.
Fruits in Season, Cheese, Ice Cream.
COFFEE.

It was near the hour of midnight before the last course had been partaken of and the President arose to address the assemblage. The guests, as was noticeably apparent, were by this time in an exceptionally happy frame of mind, and as the principal representative of the Club proceeded to deliver in plain, expressive signs, the following speech, a glance around was sufficient to indicate the eagerness of all for intellectual entertainment:

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

To-day is the birthday anniversary of a noble friend of the deaf and dumb, of a man whose whole life was unselfishly devoted to the interests of unfortunate humanity. It is not necessary here to tell of the philanthropic labors of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. He was the first friend of our class. He not only introduced into this country the system of instructing the deaf and dumb, but throughout his life, consecrated his talents and his energies to the promotion of their worldly and their spiritual welfare. He worked neither for pecuniary gain, nor for the sake of money and glory were as naught to him. His reward in this life was the consciousness of doing good. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet is not known to the world as a great man. His name is not found on the roll of our nation's fame. But we who know of his nobility of purpose, his grand achievements, his modesty of demeanor, the gentleness of his nature and the purity and goodness of his heart, can truly feel that Gallaudet was great. "That which is great is not always good, but that which is good is always great." It is the design of this club to perpetuate and enhance the love and honor which is justly accorded to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and to keep bright the lustre which attaches to his name. In behalf of the Gallaudet Club, I extend to our guests and friends a cordial welcome, and I pledge me to pledge me this sentiment, "The memory of Gallaudet."

THE TOASTS.

The toast having been drank with sparkling bumpers of wine, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet responded, and illustrated the rise and progress of deaf-mute education in America, in combination with a short sketch of his father's early labors. The silver pitcher and tray, presented to Thomas H. Gallaudet by the mutes of New England many years ago, was placed on exhibition at the conclusion of the Doctor's remarks.

Dr. I. L. Peet responded to the toast: "Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb." His remarks touched, principally upon the present method of instruction by the combined and articulation systems, and that his views were heartily endorsed by the majority of those present, was fully attested by the deafening applause which greeted their utterance.

"Our Distinguished guests," provoked an eloquent and apt reply by the celebrated artist, Mr. John Carlin.

"Our Country," brought fourth a burst of oratory from Professor Gamage, of the New York School, who among other interesting things, paid a glowing tribute to the remarkable inventive genius of Mr. Jacques Loew, and commended the appointment of things in general relating to the banquet.

Prof. W. G. Jones' reply to "Our Absent Friends," is appended:

"When asked to respond to the toast, 'our absent friends,' I was at a loss to make the reply, because there are so many here now, that if I were not particularly observant, I would not be able to find who are now absent. When I think of the friends who are now absent, I am reminded of the fact that two of our members are absent. Mr. Pack cannot come to this banquet, because his two sisters have recently died. Mr. Lloyd is not here, because he has just been appointed for him to come, as he is so far away from us. Also, we find that three of our invited guests are absent, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Mr. P. W. Gallaudet, and Rev. Mr. H. W. Syle, have told us that they cannot come. I hope that our absent friends will be present at our next banquet. Now, when I speak about the dead, I find that many of our benefactors are not with us to-night. I need not tell much about Thomas H. Gallaudet, Harvey P. Peet and some others, because you all know what they did for us. I am very happy to say that our absent friends will ever be present in our hearts."

"The National Deaf-Mute College" was well represented by Prof. T. F. Fox, who made a short but happy address, extolling the importance of that vast amount of good which it is accomplishing in behalf of the silent class.

Mr. Theodore A. Froehlich, Vice-President of the Club, was intrusted with the honor of replying to "The Gallaudet Club." His remarks were as follows:

I rise, friends, to propose a toast to which I am sure, you will all heartily respond. Evidently you have enjoyed the entertainment we have offered you to-night, and from the comments upon the possibility of many similar opportunities to meet in good fellowship affording such healthful entertainment to the mind and the appetite the following toast will probably be quite welcome. I give you, therefore, "Prosperity to our Society," and a hearty welcome to the friends who have honored us with their presence this evening. May they be present on many similar occasions in the future."

The last toast on the programme was "The Ladies," and a better man to reply to it could hardly have been found than that gay lady's man, Mr. A. A. Barnes. The fair sex, especially, were interested in what he had to say, and no little applause announced the cessation of his speech.

OUR TOOTH PICK.

As the guests and members were about leaving for their homes at two o'clock, Tuesday morning, Rev. Dr.

Gallaudet proposed the health of Mr. Jacques Loew, to whose efforts in great measure was due the success of the dinner. Not a dissenting voice was raised, and to the echo of "Long live Jacques Loew," the guests departed out into the brilliantly lighted streets of Broadway, with a higher opinion of the intelligence of deaf-mutes in general and the members of the Gallaudet Club in particular.

Regret was expressed on all sides that Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, and Rev. Henry Winter Syle, of Philadelphia, were unable to enliven the occasion with their presence.

As the guests entered the dining hall, the waiters, each in full dress and embellished with a button-hole bouquet, were observed drawn up in military array. Mr. Loew had been drilling them.

The members of the Gallaudet Club have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of their First Grand Banquet, and the popularity which it will be sure to bring them.

Dix.

LANCASTER, PA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is a long time since we saw an article from this section in your valuable paper. It seems that "Violet," whose home is eight miles from here, wrote her letter last before she went back to school in Philadelphia.

Miss Maria L. Hess, of Oregon, Pa., seven miles from Lancaster, in company with her mother, sister and their minister, went out west early in October last, and visited forty-one places and attended seventeen churches. Miss Hess enjoyed the visit very much, but prefers living where she is, they remained in the west for nearly five weeks, and arrived "Home, Sweet Home," safe and sound.

Three deaf-mute friends spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer very pleasantly. Their names are Miss Hess, John Denlinger and his mute brother. Four other mute friends who were invited, but unavoidably, could not come.

Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer spent Sunday at John Denlinger's, two miles from here. Mr. W. and John used to be great friends, and now continue so. John made his folks (two deaf-mute sisters) have a big, awful nice turkey dinner, in honor of Mr. W. and his bride. A very enjoyable time was had.

Mr. Hoopes, of Westgrove, Pa., was in town on business, and made a flying call on Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer last Saturday week. He talked of going to the Philadelphia Levee with his wife, if nothing happens.

Miss Martha Harnly, an uneducated deaf-mute old lady, but of accomplishments in cooking and embroidery, has been visiting in this neighborhood.

She has a very pleasant face, and we all love her as a grandmother. She expects to have several mute friends on Christmas to eat turkey with her.

Mr. Timothy Purvis is boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer. He works at a cork factory and is making good wages. His mute sister is living with a relative in the city.

It is understood that a party, given by Mrs. Witmeyer, is to take place early next week.

Almost all the mutes here have great hopes of being present at the coming Levee. A good time will doubtless be had.

Hoping that the Editor will see fit this to put in the paper we are,

"VIOLET'S" NEIGHBOR

LANCASTER, PA., Dec. 6, 1883

The Pas-a-Pas Club's First Reception.

Those who were fortunate to be in attendance at Mr. Geo. Fraser's residence, Wednesday evening, November 28th, will long remember the occasion, for it was certainly fraught with pleasure to the old and young persons. The event was the first reception of the Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago, for which extensive preparations were made by the Committee of Arrangement, Messrs. Geo. Fraser, E. D. Kingon and John Heinlein. None of the fun-loving mutes who were present had cause to express the least disappointment. At nearly 8 P.M., quite a number of fair ladies and their male escorts arrived, and by 9 P.M. assembled, almost all persons invited, among which are the following persons: Messrs. Geo. G. Dougherty, of St. Louis, Mo., Harry Reed, of Menasha, Wis., John Berger, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Misses Lillian Fisher, of Paris, Ill., and Florence A. Woods, of N. Y. Miss Fisher is a very charming lady and is said to be the belle of the Chicago mute society. At half past 11 P.M., refreshments were served. Then dancing was resumed, and it extended into the "wee small hours." All retired for their homes, having had a most delightful time. For a share of their enjoyment, those present at the reception are indebted to the above-mentioned Committee.

The Pas-a-Pas Club consists of about fifteen good and respectable male members, and it is evident that the club growing pas-a-pas. Their grand annual dance will positively come off on the night of Monday, December 31st, '83 and January 1st, '84.

A. P. P. C. MEMBER.

Dec. 8th '83.

Notice from Boston.

Prof. Wm. H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, has been engaged as Orator for the Gallaudet and Clero Birthday Anniversary. He will pronounce a brief eulogy upon each, and give an account of their lives. Clear and graphic in pantomime, he is sure to do justice to the memory of our two greatest benefactors, and keep his audience interested.

Per Order,

COMMITTEE.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

LECTURES.

THE LIT.

SCRAPS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

To characterize the week just past, it would be enough to say that it was a week of lectures. Usually lectures come after intervals of two weeks each, but in this case we were treated to an intellectual feast. The first was an interesting and instructive discourse on Art by Mr. W. M. French, a brother of the sculptor of the Garfield bust. His address was delivered orally, and was rendered in signs by President Gallaudet. One of the chief ideas of the discourse was that it does not require what we call genius to make an artist, but merely perseverance and patience, as exhibited by Newton and Michel-Angelo. Drawing, at least, was shown not to be such a profound thing as many would suppose it to be at first sight, but that it consisted in the correct appreciation of a few simple cardinal points, to which all other embellishments would follow as a natural consequence. The lecturer is himself an artist by profession, and illustrated his discourse with a number of crayon sketches, the rapidity of whose execution and whose fidelity won our admiration. What we call decorative art, was discoursed upon at length, and we learned much that was new and interesting. All our ideas of decoration were shown to have come directly or indirectly from nature, what we call conventionalism being the chief agent which altered the decoration from the natural model, so as to suit our taste. Thus lotus flower and papyrus plant were shown to be the chief, if not the sole model of Egyptian art, and a perfect Nile landscape developed under the artist's clever hand in order to illustrate his remarks. In like manner he showed how the old Greeks moulded their columns and capitals after simple models in nature, the chief being the honeysuckle and flower and leaf.

A number of silhouettes illustrating familiar phases in student life, and a specimen of landscape drawing, and four sketches of Races and Nationalities concluded the lecture, which lasted an hour and a half, and when we left the hall we felt ourselves quite competent critics. This is the first lecture given to the college by an outsider on invitation, that we have seen, and we hope for more of the kind in the future.

The programme of last Friday's Lit. was unusually interesting, and ranks as the best perhaps of the term. First on the list was a lecture by Prof. Draper. Prof. Draper's lectures are always American in subject and sentiment, but this time he touched upon a theme of surpassing interest to us as students, and to every intelligent American—The Prospects of American Literature—treating it in so masterly a way that it became absolutely fascinating. We will give a brief exposition of the main points which cannot fail to interest the general reader.

After touching on the two great products of advanced civilization—art and literature—and how both pursued the same ends by different means, the lecturer showed how while literature like the century plant is of slow growth, we nevertheless possess a comparatively well developed literature—how in history, fiction, humor and poetry, we can display such names as Bancroft, Hawthorne, Irving and Longfellow, names second to none in their respective departments, and that hence we may draw the conclusion that, so far, America has reason to be satisfied with her literature. But leaving the past and probing into the future, the question is whether we might expect a grand and enduring literature for our nation. On examining the literature of the day, we find that it divides itself into three great classes—newspaper, magazine and book literature. In the first two America leads the world, but unfortunately this class of reading is transient in its character, designated only for the demand of the hour. Of the third class, volumes come pouring in by the thousand, but of how few of these can it be said that the world will not willingly let them die. After Bancroft, we will have no first class historian; after Irving, we have had no first class humorist, while Ben Hur is perhaps the only American novel that may be fairly called great. With Longfellow and Bryant, our only great poets also have departed. On the whole then judging from its present the prospect for a noble future in our literature is not very flattering.

But investigating the true cause of great literatures we find we need not despair. In history we find that every grand national literature has been only produced by people of corresponding grand national character. Thus, the grand religious sentiment of Judaism produced our beautiful biblical literature; the nervous, ambitious Roman finds himself interpreted in the literature of the Augustan age; while the intense personal freedom of thought and life in Germany found its exponent in Luther, and after him in Goethe, Schiller, Lessing. Most of all do we perceive this in England. The pride and patriotism, the sturdy independence and healthy vigor of her people, have given birth to the richest literature possessed by any nation under the sun, and it is not mere chance that in the long roll of her literary sons she displays those august names—Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon—before whom all the world bows in homage. Finally, why may not our own country produce a national literature as grand as that of England? America is still in her infancy, and all her future is before her. The answer to the problem depends upon the nation itself—upon ourselves. We have boundless resources, wealth, power, a stirring history, scenery unexcelled for beauty, but in addition we need an honest, vigorous, manly national life, for this alone can breathe the vital spark which will generate a permanent literature. If our nation is to become one of money-getters, bound up in "business," hasty and superficial in its culture, selfish and grasping, looking out for half only, then such a literature will be an impossibility. But should Columbia take her place at the head of the nations, and lead them in wisdom, in education, in charity, in patriotism, then indeed we may hope that her literature will yet equal if not surpass the best that the world has produced. And herein lies a field for us. "True, not one of us may ever write an immortal line; but each has it in his power to make possible a Tennyson, a Milton, a Shakespeare in America. Every evil impulse subdued, every generous thought, every kind word to one in need, every honest opinion carefully formed and firmly held, every good resolution—is a means to that end."

The lecture was warmly applauded and an unanimous vote of thanks tendered. To be fully appreciated it should have been seen, for of course our brief exposition lacks the charm imparted by the living gesture, the anecdote and parenthesis, which made it so delightful on the rostrum. Prof. Draper is certainly doing his share in the good work of making our literature permanent, for this is the third lecture on American writers and writings he delivered before the Lit.

The debate which followed was scarcely less interesting than the lecture, and that is saying a great deal. It was on the subject, "Resolved: That the union of Great Britain and Ireland should be dissolved." The question of dissolution was supported by Messrs. Cleary, '87, and Standacher, '88, and opposed by Messrs. Lyons, '87, and Hyde, '88. With the leaders their respective opinions of the question were matters of conviction and their arguments were given with telling effect. Mr. Lyons is an Irishman born and bred, and is as intensely national as any son of Uncle Sam here, and several of his repartees had as much of the brio about them as it is possible for signs to have, and fairly brought down the house. The final summing up of the facts pro and con awarded the debate to the Negative side. An original and comic dialogue between Mr. Morrow, '85, as Dr. Dwight, and Mr. Hasenstab, '85, as Dr. Dennie, followed, and lastly Mr. Kiesel rendered that masterpiece of sarcasm and oratory, Anthony's oration over the body of Caesar. The audience was held spell-bound by the beauty and fidelity of the recital, and we can honestly say that it was perhaps the most successful rendering of Shakespeare ever given before the Lit, and if the declaration did not exactly convey the spirit of the original, it was because this is impossible with the mere language of signs.

SCRAPS.

The affairs of the ball were finally and successfully wound up during the week, and the committee is now reposing on the laurels of universal approbation, which it has deservedly won. In our last letter we omitted by some oversight to put down their names, and so we give them now: B. R. Allabough, '84; S. S. Haas, '84, S. G. Davidson, '85; C. Kerney, '85; A. Berg, '86; C. E. Duncan, '87; and H. Gross, '88.

The foot ball men have not done much during the week. A match game was played on Wednesday, with the High School team, in which Kendall made two touch downs, neither of which yielded a goal, so that at the end of the game the score by points stood: Kendall, 4; High School, 0. The game with Howards, which was to have been played on Saturday, was interfered with by rain, and probably we shall have no more matches until after the examinations.

S. S. Haas '84, has been seriously troubled by a cold of late, which at one time threatened to make his going home necessary. He is slowly improving, however, and we hope it will not be long before we can chronicle that Richard is himself again.

Gardner Craig must be put on record as a rival of Herschel. He rushed into the reading-room the other night, shouting that he had discovered a new star eclipsing all the rest in splendor, and on going out to investigate the matter, we found it to be the electric light on the dome of Smithsonian, with which experiments are being made.

The second bi-monthly Sunday School concert came off yesterday. The subject was "Cheerfulness."

Mr. Chickering was in New York during Thanksgiving week, and witnessed the great foot-ball match there between Yale and Harvard.

The Garfield bust was photographed for the lithograph last week. John O'Rourke, a pupil of the Primary Department, broke his collarbone while playing foot-ball the other day. H. F. Adams, of the High Class is also limping about on crutches, with a sprained ankle. Moral: Foot-ball is not without its casualties.

Examinations come off on the 18th, 19th and 20th.

Dec. 10, '83. HARRY FIELDING.

COLUMBUS.

What is Going on at the Ohio School.

PREPARING FOR XMAS.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

A peaceful calm succeeded the week after the war on the turkeys and the clearness what was left of them, and consequently there has been during the past week, a remarkable dearth of news.

Better facilities for the dispatch of home business have been introduced into this Institution. Twelve new telephone boxes were put during the past week in the following places: The Superintendent's office, Miss High's room, the sewing-room, Mrs. Rose's (the Matron) room, the Steward's office, the Fire Department, the Carpenter's shop, the Boys' Hospital, Engine House and Mr. Bower-Smith's (attendant) room. The central room is in the Reception room, northwest corner. The improvement is a great convenience; it will save many steps, tax less one's time, and probably obliterate the necessity (if ever contemplated) of increasing the force of help.

Bad colds, stiff necks and a variety of other complaints have been prevalent, however, to a limited extent for a week or two past, owing to the weather taking sudden and disagreeable changes.

A pamphlet of four leaves only, containing the principal parts of the irregular verbs, present, past and perfect participle, is the latest print out. Scores of them have been distributed among the scholars in the several classes. A modest but useful reference for the pupils.

The dining hall of the Institution is now well ventilated by the construction of four square holes in the wall paralleled with the ceiling in different places, and running through them nice-looking tunnels of a nearly a square shape, and when they reach the outside, they turn up chimney fashion until they terminate above the edge of the roofs on both sides of the building.

Prof. C. N. Haskins could not think his Thanksgiving as completed without seeing his little daughter. Hence his absence from the Institution over the first Sabbath day of December. He reports the little one as still thriving well.

Supervisor Lewis Flenniken has been heard from. He reached Chicago, Ill., Tuesday morning. He left there in the evening, expecting to get to Colorado Springs on Friday or Saturday last.

The Committee on Christmas entertainment met in the Library room last week Tuesday evening, on the call of their chairman, Mr. Patterson.

The Green House has been receiving attention from the carpenters. Alterations or improvements are visible at the north end of this Russell conservatory.

Marble shooting has been the rage among the boys, large and small, on those pleasant, cold relaxing days of last week.

Prof. J. D. H. Stewart started on an all-day ride on Thanksgiving Day, going in the direction of Westerville, O. The further he went from the city, the worse the roads were in condition, which broke up his plan for the day, and compelled him to turn back Columbusward.

The committee on New Year's were called to meet on last Friday evening by Chairman Stewart in the Library room. They promise a grand entertainment.

The spiral fire-scape stairs which have adorned the northeast and northwest corners of both wings of this Institution for a number of years past, still stand there retaining the very look of naturalness.

Andy Timmons, of Genoa Roads, O., put in an appearance at this Institution, looking hale and hearty. He used to be employed by old Mr. Plumb M. Park about his house, a good many years ago.

Miss Pratt, sister of the Superintendent, has been confined to her room with an illness for a week or two. We hope to see her up and about again very soon.

Large's Excelsior Barometer, or storm glass and Thermometer combined, was put up in each class room on Thursday last. They were a curiosity as well as a wonder to a good many pupils who had never seen or quite understood its usefulness, especially the storm glass.

A copy of "Dont," a book on manners, has been furnished to most of the teachers for the pupils' use in the school room. If any one wishes the possession of a copy, they can have it by paying for it out of their own pocket.

For the present the boys' reading room is being used during the school hours for the reception of pupils in classes of articulation. Miss O'Hara, is the teacher.

Mrs. P. P. Pratt, the wife of our worthy foreman, is expecting to spend the holidays in Lima, O.

Mr. Charles McKeever is back in Columbus again. During his sojourn in Ohio, he has met several mutes, Mr. A. B. Davis, of Sandusky, Mr. Elmer Adams, at the Delavan depot, and also Mr. Louis A. Anthony, of the same place. We took the liberty to question Mr. McK, if his mysterious

movements had anything to do with an appointment of the "happy day."

Not only the faces of the pupils will shine at Christmas time, but the panes of the Institution windows. Mr. J. C. Pier is busy every day cleaning the windows.

Lewis and Frank Flenniken, boys' attendants here, were remembered in the will of their late Aunt, Mrs. Eliza Anderson to the tune of five hundred dollars each, their father receives two thousand dollars, while their oldest sister gets four thousand.

Mr. Grisby, of Prospect, O., has secured a position here in the Engine House, for four or five months.

The teachers on B. floor held their regular meeting in the Library on Monday evening at 7:30. They had

A printed circular of inquiry from Dr. Gillett, of Illinois, has been received here as to how many of us are likely to attend the conference of principals and superintendents to be held at San Francisco, California, the coming summer of 1884. For ourselves and another, we would like to have it held early in July, and the ticket good for ninety days.

Mr. A. H. Schory, a teacher here, proposes, if God does not dispose, to spend the whole of next summer with the Perrys and Parks at Santa Barbara, California, and enjoy himself in an unreserved manner, as the surrounding wilds down there will admit of opportunities—boating, hunting, fishing, and camping out.

George McGowan, a mute, came within an ace of being killed by the cars last Friday morning. He jumped in time.—*Hardin County Democrat, Kenton, O., Dec. 6.*

NUMBER SIXTY-FIVE.

DEAF-MUTES.

The doings of the Fifth Annual Convention of the Deaf-Mutes of Maine was reported in the Belfast Journal and all who read it cannot fail to thank God that the sign-language has reached such a high perfection of art. I trust the pioneers of the Mute Mission will live long to see a rich harvest from good seed scattered in the little waste places. One speaker said with truth that Maine needed a School for her own mutes, and why will not some of our large-hearted, well-to-do-men like Ex-Gov. Coburn adopt the mutes and add another laurel to their already royal crown. They give lavishly to the fortunate, why leave in darkness the most unfortunate. Verily "to them that hath shall be given, and to them that hath not shall be taken, even that which they hath." No excuse has been spared by the State to legislate for sectarian Schools. Foundling and Orphan homes, Charity and Industrial Schools, Institutes and Colleges of learning, and the door to each of these is closed to the deaf-mutes, with no ray of light, save from a long distance, which to enjoy a child must be separated from home and friends at an age when he most needs a parent's care. As a State we owe much to the American Asylum, her graduates compare with any of Maine's favorite ones, and her founders, Gallaudet and Clero, will be remembered with thanksgiving when sectarian colleges and founded follies are forgotten with their founders. No intelligent parent whose child has been instructed by men like Profs. Keep, Bartlett, Stone and Williams, but regards them in the same way as the Catholic does the Virgin Mary. For my part the separation from my boy for seven long years, was a minor chord in a life long hosanna, and when men reflect how important intelligent voters and witnesses in court are, and what is breeder of vice and crime ignorance, it behooves them to legislate for the State's best good. If either institutions of learning must be banished from our State let it be the less helpless ones, and keep our unfortunate children near home. I hope with Mr. Swett that the day is not far away when we can share with sister States the honor of a State Mute School, and "if I were a voice, a persuasive voice," I would soon make the mute population the peers of their peers. I am now

Yours truly,

Mrs. A. H. B.

Beautiful Verses from A. Sufferer.

(From the Elmira Sunday Telegram.)

DEAR EDITOR:—I send you some verses, which I hope you will print. I am a deaf-mute, and paralyzed in both of the lower limbs. I have been confined five years to my couch; I am very poor, but happy in Jesus's love; God gives me many beautiful thoughts; I enjoy your nice paper—the Telegram—very much. God bless you and may you prosper always.

T. F. W.

LOCKE, CAYUGA, N. Y.

O'er us, in this low world who dwell,
The Heavenly Father bends,
Remembering rich and poor, as well,
The daily bread He sends.

O, more He gives—He gives us love,
The staff of life, indeed!
The Angels in His house above,
On this rare manna feed.

Nov. 25, '83.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16TH, 1883.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 2:45 P.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 2:45 P.M.

St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y. 3 P.M.
Church of Intercession,

FANWOOD.

A Stroll Around and About the New York Institution.

WAIFS FROM HERE & THERE

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Probably there are few people connected with the Institution who know what disastrous results would be consequent upon the neglect of the night-watch to keep the fires going all night in the large stoves in the two kitchens. The pupils would file into the dining room in the morning, only to be confronted by cold, practical bread and butter. This would undoubtedly provoke a chorus of howls sad to contemplate. The officers and teachers who reside in the buildings would have no coffee to stimulate them for the day's arduous duties, and in short the whole school would commence the daily routine with spirits way down below zero.

Prof. W. G. Jones has been invited by the Committee representing the Philadelphia Levee, to give a pantomimic entertainment at the Levee. He will remain in the Quaker City for a couple of days. He will also, aided by several members of the High Class, perform at the Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association.

Miss Lottie Lyons, a seamstress who left here a few years ago, made her old friends a pleasant call one evening of last week.

Those officers and teachers who belong to the Gallaudet Club were out in full force at the dinner given on the evening of December 10th. Among the guests invited by the members, were Misses Prudence Lewis, Elizabeth Mitchell and Myra L. Barrager. They report a very pleasant time.

Frank A. Wood, an old graduate, visited his friend, Theo. L. Lounsbury, on Friday afternoon last.

The Christmas holidays commence on December 22d, and end on January 5th—some fifteen odd days in which to grow fat.

The life of shepherds and shepherdesses have been made the subject of poetry and art, but we fail to see the glory in such an existence. There are shepherdesses whose flocks of goats, geese and cows feed upon the grounds of the Institution in all weathers. Last Sunday, a woman in a bedraggled gown sat on the cold, wet ground keeping watch over a brindle yearling and a bob-tailed heifer. The heifer was pensively inclined, and proceeded, in thoughtful mood, to scratch its neck against a tree, whereupon the shepherdess hit the indiscreet bovine a tremendous thrack on its ribs with a shalash which made the animal scot like "Mando S," its tail elevated at an angle of forty-seven degrees, representing a signal of distress. Possibly the enraged female thought the cow would knock the tree down, still we fail to see the romance in either the heifer's or shepherdess's life.

Charles McCormick, the armless boy, generally manages to have a good time. He attended a ball one evening last week, and was the centre of attraction throughout.

Mrs. Lamberson and daughter, of Chicago, visited the Institution on Wednesday. She is a friend of Miss Brasher, a former pupil here, who married Mr. G. Christenson, and now resides in the City by the Lake.

It is simply wonderful how cheerful every body is on pay day at the Institution. Every face wears a broad smile of satisfaction, and so they count the hard earned dollars who can tell what visions of caramels-to-come float through the mind of the fair, unsophisticated young lady teacher; what dreams of new bonnets, long anticipated and now to be realized, crowd the brain of her more fashionably inclined co-worker; and who that has not been there can picture the delight which the young man of the period, who has literally been subsisting on a strong pipe (manipulated in secret) for weeks, will experience as he inhales the first whiff of a fragrant five-center.

Miss Georgie Decker attended services at St. Ann's Sunday last.

Anthony Capelli lectured before the Peet Literary Society Friday evening last on "The Secret of Wealth."

The pupils, elated with the tremendous success of the last masquerade, held on the evening of Washington's Birthday, are resolved to eclipse it with a still more brilliant event on February 22d next, accordingly a committee on masques has been appointed, and consists of the following members of the High Class: W. L. Bingham, Manager; A. L. Thomas, Assistant Manager; G. S. Porter, T. I. Lounsbury, A. Capelli, U. S. Dunn. Charles Sparrow has left school.

Mr. Roth, foreman of the tailor shop, has held his position with credit to himself and honor to the Institution for the past nineteen years. He is a first class workman, a genial, whole-souled fellow, and liked and respected by both officers and pupils.

Prof. Pray, a magician, gave an exhibition in the chapel Monday evening last. The feats were nothing new to most of the pupils, but the little Tarrytown fellows appeared to be enraptured.

Herman Zorn bids fair to become an engraver of unusual skill. With a jack-knife, he has turned out some exceptionally fine wood-cut specimens, and there is no knowing what would result from furnishing him with a complete set of tools.

CHP.

PENNSYLVANIA.

NOTES FROM THE LEHIGH VALLEY.

(From our Travelling Correspondent.)

Sometime has elapsed since your readers have heard from me. Our last letter was from Williamstown, Mass., since which time, we have been perambulating around the coal, iron and slate regions of Pennsylvania. Easton, for the most part of the time has been our "abiding place," and an occasional jaunt out to the mining regions, hunting up the mute residents, etc. Perhaps a few words about Easton and vicinity will not come amiss, and I will proceed forthwith to describe my surroundings. Easton is situated at the junction of the Lehigh and Delaware rivers, the Delaware bounding is on the East, the Lehigh on the South, Bunkskill Creek, on the North, so the Western boundary is the only one that is not a water line. South Easton lays across the Lehigh and is about three minutes walk from Easton, and has about 6500 inhabitants. Phillipsburg, on the Delaware side, has about 5000 inhabitants, and is within two minutes walk. Easton has a population of 1200, making the total for the vicinity about 2500 inhabitants.

Phillipsburg and South Easton hold the same relation to Easton that Brooklyn and Jersey City hold to New York.

Among the mute residents are Mr. and Mrs. Elam Will, who reside on Ferry Street, in a neat little house which is their own. They have a little son, and everything combined makes them a pleasant home.

Mrs. Bella Lockwood, formerly of Brooklyn, lately of Long Branch, N. J., is the guest of Mrs. Will, and will remain until after the holidays.

Miss Everhard, a young lady graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, resides with her parents on Washington St., between Tenth and Eleventh Streets.

Miss Perry resides on Wilkesbarre St., near Nesquehoning St., South Easton. She is a former pupil of the Fordham School.

Samuel Price, a former pupil of the Philadelphia Institution lives with his parents in South Easton. Sammy is employed at the wire mill, and being an industrious young man, thrives accordingly. Some years ago his brother left home, and was given up for dead, but a few days ago turned up quite wealthy with presents for the family, and the "fatted calf" was killed for the prodigal son. He gave Samuel a really handsome gold watch, chain and charm.

Mr. Will is a machinist in the Lehigh Valley R. R. Shops, and is held in great respect by the officials of the road.

Up the river a few miles is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Merrill, who are quite well known to most of your readers.

Down the river, at Reigelsville which is about eight miles from here reside a number of mutes.

The Heller family, consisting of Mr. Henry Heller, wife and a child now about a month old, also Miss Sallie Heller, a recent graduate of the New York Institution, and who contemplates entering the Trenton School, Mr. Robert Heller, also a graduate of the New York Institution, and their hearing sister, Miss Lizzie.

Mr. James W. Nash resides with Mr. Bellis on the Pennsylvania side of the river, as do also Messrs. Charles and William Bennett, both former supervisors in the New York Institution.

Mr. Cornelius DeLory, a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, likewise lives there, and has a good position in a slate quarry. Mr. Reigel, a mute, also lives there.

A few days ago, while crossing the ferry to South Easton, I met the two sisters of Mr. and Mrs. Goeltz, both of whom are married and were pupils in the Philadelphia Institution. The former now resides at Scranton, Pa., and his sister at Lehigh Gap. A hearing brother of theirs, who was an acrobat and a rope performer with a circus gave up his position and became a brakeman, and was killed here while coupling cars. I mention this incident to show how curious it is that a person can do perilous acts daily as in his case and meet his death in a new vocation.

Charles Russell Bennett has just returned from a tour of the state, for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Merrill were in Easton the other day, and with Mrs. Will and Mrs. Lockwood called on your correspondent.

I met a deaf-mute gentleman named Hodel, at Bethlehem, Pa., last week. While here I have become extensively acquainted at Lafayette College, and also at Lehigh University at Bethlehem. While there I was detained in the library a while, and read a book published in 1781, entitled "A Defense of the Deaf," in which it stated that "the beautiful drama of Deaf and Dumb would soon be produced, and would overcome all objection to immorality on the stage." Curiosity leads me to ask have you ever seen the work?

I leave here about January 1st, for Middletown, Conn.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN ON HIS TRAVELS.

THE GALLAUDET CLUB.

At a regular meeting of the Gallaudet Club, held on the evening of Wednesday, December 5th, a resolution was offered and unanimously adopted tendering the sympathy to Mr. Alex. L. Pach, in his bereavement resulting from the recent death of his two sisters.

THOMAS F. FOX, Secretary.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1883.

NEW YORK.

ORGANIZATION OF A NEW SOCIETY IN BROOKLYN.

Coming Events.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—After residing in Brooklyn for eight years, I have come to the conclusion that a society for deaf-mutes is needed in this city. It is the third largest city in the United States, and while other cities of lesser size have deaf-mute societies, Brooklyn has stood alone; her mutes having to go to New York if they wish to be member of a society. I have called this meeting for the purpose of seeing if the organization of a deaf-mute society in Brooklyn is possible. I think it is. Some of the leading members of those deaf-mute societies in New York are residents of Brooklyn. I don't see why these can not organize a society in their own city. Certainly there are enough intelligent deaf-mutes hereabouts capable of managing such an organization. I have not hastily considered the step I am taking, but have given it serious thought for a long time past, and now, as the season for such affairs at hand, I decided to call this meeting and can say that I am agreeably surprised at the number who have been so kind as to attend."

The above was delivered in signs by Mr. C. E. Green, who had issued a call for all deaf-mutes of Brooklyn interested in the organization of a deaf-mute society, to assemble at American Hall, 175 Grand street near Fifth, Brooklyn, E. D., Tuesday, November 4th. The response was about twenty-five deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen. The hall was very pretty and attractive, being the rooms of American Lodge No. 13, and having all the necessary articles indispensable to a good society.

At 7.45 deaf-mutes began to drop in. The first of these being Mr. J. F. O'Neil, who believes that it is better to be too early than too late. At eight, they came in by twos and threes, till about 8.30, when Mr. Green mounted the platform and opened the meeting in the manner as above quoted.

Remarks favoring the proposed organization were made by Messrs. Stengele, Bond, Donnelly and others.

After this, Mr. Green selected the following as a Committee on organization: J. F. Donnelly, Chairman, E. McConville, W. A. Bond, H. Stengele and J. P. Ijams.

The Committee reported that they would submit the following two objects. That the Society should be a "Literary" Society, and that ladies would be admitted on the same footing as male members. The last was applauded, especially by the ladies. The Committee also reported that they had decided to leave other things pertaining to the Society to the Committee on permanent organization.

The following is a complete list of those who signed their names in the order of signing. E. McConville, J. E. Lyng, Jacob Swartz, M. E. Lyng, H. Stengele, Miss H. Wollman, Miss Ida Abraham, Julius Wollman, Henry Elliott, B. Smith, Alexander Dezen-dorf, Fred T. Brown, Louis L. Voohees, G. L. Reynolds, C. E. Green, W. A. Bond, J. P. Ijams, Mr. and Mrs. Juh-ring.

Besides these there were many others present who said they would join shortly.

Then the voting began, Mr. C. Green was elected President by acclamation. J. F. Donnelly and Mr. Juh-ring were chosen tellers to count the votes for the other candidates.

For Vice-President there were two candidates, Mr. Henry Stengele got ten votes and Mr. McConville five; for Secretary, Mr. Lyng carried off seven votes, G. L. Reynolds, five; Alexander Dezen-dorf, one.

Mr. Lyng asked to be excused, as he could not act as secretary on account of defective vision. He was excused. It was decided that Mr. Reynolds should have the place as being second in the race.

Then followed the voting for Treasurer. Mrs. Juh-ring captured twelve votes; Mrs. Abrahams, three; Mrs. Swartz two.

Mr. Green then selected Mrs. Swartz as an additional member of the executive committee, which consists of the officers.

It now being late, it was decided to adjourn, Mr. Green saying he would shortly call a meeting of the executive committee, who would decide when the next meeting will be held, due notice of which will be given.

These prospect of the Society becoming a permanent organization are very good. The display of enthusiasm was very great, and it is said that there is danger of at least two of the New York Societies being seriously crippled by this movement, as, taking all in all, the accommodations and inducements offered are better than those held out by any of those in New York.

Mrs. Nellie Spink (nee Miss Nellie Lotridge) gave birth to a bouncing boy baby a few weeks ago.

It is said that Dr. Jas. Ward, of Newark, N. J., is seriously ill.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union held a business meeting, Wednesday, December 5th. The auditor who had been selected to examine the treasurer's book reported. His report was accepted. It was suggested that the Union should be photographed in a body by Pach Brothers. This was warmly second-

ed, and a member was chosen as a committee of one to interview Pach Brothers.

John F. O'Brien is to lecture before the Society on Wednesday evening, December 19th. No admission fee will be charged.

Christmas draws nearer and nearer every day. Those who can hear are reminded of the fact by the street hawkers, who, "barding to themselves, offer "a valuable and useful present" for almost nothing. The deaf are also remind of the fact by the displays in our store windows. Presents can be had from a cent to—well, we give it up. Every store has out its sign—it makes no difference whether it is one of our mammoth emporium or a Bowery pawn shop—"Holiday presents." The displays are truly attractive. It does one good to look at them, though there is not the least prospect of receiving any of the articles on exhibition, and it brings up the poor \$6 a week clerk, who is now shaking in his shoes and starving himself to get enough lucre to purchase a present for his girl.

The Manhattan Literary Association Ball is much talked of just now. The tickets are out and are of handsome design. Recently, in talking with a deaf-mute lady, the M. L. A. Ball came up in the course of the conversation. Last year's contests for prizes was talked of. Of course "the handsomest dressed lady" question was reviewed, and from the feelings of the majority, we hope this year the committee will select a more fitting contest, if prizes are to be offered, as the above mentioned lady went into such a bewildering account of cor-sages, pleatings, lace quelling, chenille, fringes, belts, pendants, frizzes, etc., that we were staggered, and at last in despair said:

"In the name of Julius Caesar, what do we know about frizzes or bangs?"

But she told us, and told us to keep it "Mum" (and so we will) that Miss So-and-So was getting a dress made by So-and-So for the ball, that Miss Somebody else had just tried on her new blue silk dress, and (we blush) looked "perfectly horrid," which we will wait to see, that Miss—that jealous thing, was seen at Macy's buying beautiful brown silk, etc., and so on till we have come to the conclusion that there will be a splendid array of beauties on hand at Lyric Hall when the curtain rises Friday, December 28th.

The C. L. B. U. Committee of Arrangements have taken a new departure. Despite the immense price paid for Irving Hall, and the heavy expenses connected therewith, popular prices will prevail. Tickets, admitting gentleman and ladies will be sold at 50 cents each (don't get excited), and ladies' tickets twenty-five cents each. The Committee are all live New York young men and know perfectly well what they are doing. Ladies' tickets will be sold only to deaf-mutes, and the seller will have to introduce the lady he sells it to. This will work splendidly, and the reform in prices started by this society at its picnic last August, will be appreciated by all deaf mutes.

In selecting the jurors for the trial of Policeman Conroy, a deaf-mute was selected on the panel. He was excused.

Thomas Holland has been placed in charge of a Herald news stand on one of the east side avenues up town, and expects to grow rich in a couple of weeks—another case of deaf-mute enterprise.

"Theatre city." New Theatres are springing up all over the city. The latest is the one being built for Kiralfy Brothers on the east side. By the way, their famous "Excelsior," a pantomime which is so much admired by the Gothamites, is shortly to be put on the road, and will visit all the large cities.

Correcting the "Pueblo Chieftain."

ED. JOURNAL.—The Pueblo Chieftain, from which you quoted an article concerning the Colorado Institution, made a misstatement. The Colorado School is not in charge of a sixteen year boy. He is simply employed as a temporary instructor of the Primary Class Room. The class-rooms are in charge of myself. I have been with the deaf and dumb over fifteen years, and for the past five years have been an instructor in the Colorado Institution. Having been here so long, I am as familiar with everything pertaining to the profession as any body could be, and the fact that I was re-elected by the present management of the Institution without any solicitation on my own part, is alone sufficient proof of the confidence reposed in me by the Board.

Very respectfully,

H. M. HARRERT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 6, '83.

THE PORTER HOME SCHOOL

FOR DEAF MUTE YOUNG LADIES, HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND.

The above school is the only one in the country exclusively for girls. The first session begins January 1, 1884.

Instruction is given in the common English branches, History, French, German, and the Mathematics. Particular attention is paid to young children.

For terms and other information address JOHN A. PRINCE, PH. B., HYATTSVILLE, MD.

WATCHES

AND JEWELRY.

FINE GOLD WATCHES. Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upward.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upward.

SILVER HUNTING AMERICAN WATCHES. Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeping Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

JEWELRY,

Silver and Plated Ware

of all the newest designs, always in stock. We challenge comparison for quality of work in

WATCH REPAIRING

all of which is done on the premises.

Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.

GEO. W. WELSH'S SONS, NO. 253 GREENWICH ST.,

Cor. Park Place, N. Y.

OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT DOWN TOWN

THIRD GRAND LEVEE

OF THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION,

AT LYRIC HALL, 6th Avenue bet. 41st & 42d Sts.

FRIDAY EVE. DEC. 28, '83

Music By Drum-Major Hill's Orchestra.

Tickets admitting Gent. and Lady, - - \$1 Extra Lady's ticket, - - - 25c

No lady without an escort will be admitted to the Hall.

A Comical Pantomime of one hour's duration, opens the programme.

Dancing to follow it at 10 P.M. sharp.

Supper will be furnished in first-class style by the well-known caterer, Samuel L. Terhune, at 50 cents per person.

Tickets can be had from members, and also at the Hall on the evening of the Levee.

CHAS. BRYAN, Chairman, } Committee of Arrangements. FRANK CAMPBELL, } JOHN P. IJAMS, }

THE CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

OF PHILADELPHIA,

INVITES ITS FRIENDS TO ITS

Second Grand Levee,

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 26, 1883.

(BIRTHDAY OF LAURENT ULERG.)

AT CARPENTER'S ACADEMY,

S. W. COR. SPRING GARDEN AND EIGHTH STS.

Entrance on Spring Garden St.

The Hall is large, commodious and centrally located, and very convenient to the Bound Brook Depot and Broad Street Station. The exercises will commence at 8 P.M. The programme will be found varied, novel and entertaining and refined. Every effort will be made for the pleasure and comfort of guests.

PROF. JONES, OF NEW YORK, WILL GIVE ONE OF HIS LAUGHABLE PANTOMIME RECITALES.

Music by Prof. J. J. Ryan's Orchestra.

Master of Ceremonies, Prof. J. P. Walker. Interpreter, Prof. A. L. E. Crouter.

Ticket for Gentleman and lady, - \$1.00 Lady's ticket, - - - .50 Grand supper, - - - 1.00

Tickets can be had of the Committee and at the entrance, No. 810 Spring Garden Street, in the evening.

For information, address any of the Committee:

W. B. Callingsworth, Chairman, 3434 Wallace Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Daniel Paul, Jr., Secretary, 1026 East Montgomery Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wm. McKinney, Treasurer, 1245 S. 17th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Washington Houston, 4001 Franklin Street, Frankford, Pa.

Joseph A. Turner, 810 Lime Street, Camden, New Jersey.

NEW ENGLAND'S CELEBRATION

OF GALLAUDET and Clerc's Birthdays.

AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON,

DECEMBER 17TH, 1883.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES:

Unveiling at 8 o'clock, with a poem by Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, of Beverly.

Addresses by distinguished guests.

Commemorative Poem written by Miss Angie A. Fuller, to be rendered in the "poetry of motion" by Mrs. Whipple Follette, of Rhode Island.

Intermission before supper.

The games of Copenhagen, Post Office, Dumb Band, Chairs, Danc-

ing, Roller-skating, etc., (with prizes) will be played. The Boston & Providence, the New York and New England, the Old Colony, will furnish free return tickets, the N. Y. & N. E. R.R. to Hartford & Norwich; other roads to be heard from.

Rooms at Sherman House for 50 cts. and 75 cts., at the Y. M. C. A. with board for one dollar.

The Gallaudet Silver Pitcher and Plate will be on inspection in the hall.

Ten Dollars in Prizes given away.

For a lady and gentleman winner in the game of Dumb Band, two dollars each; three dollars to the best dancer; one dollar to the winner of the game with chairs; two dollars to the best roller-skater.

Prof. Weeks will be the orator on the occasion. Hon. W. H. Baldwin, President of the Young Men's Christian Union, will deliver an address upon the subject.

Admission to the Hall - 75 cents. " " Supper 75 "

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

GEO. A. HOLMES, Boston. CHAS. A. BROWN, Maine. FRANK W. BIGELOW, Vermont. THOMAS BROWN, New Hampshire. WM. H. WEEKS, Connecticut. JOHN F. DONNELLY, Rhode Island. W. H. GREEN, Massachusetts. R. W. FRISBEE, Massachusetts. WM. LYNDY, Massachusetts.

HARRY WHITE, Secretary.

A GRAND LEVEE

AND COMIC PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT

WILL BE HOLDEN IN THE

UPPER HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, MASS.,

Cor. Tremont and Broomfield Sts.

MONDAY, DEC. 31, 1883.

Doors Open at 6 O'clock.

Performance Begins at 8.

The Committee of Arrangements most respectfully begs leave to announce to the deaf-mutes of the United States and friends, that they shall do all in their power to make the Levee one of the most interesting entertainments ever held in this city. The Committee have selected the Upper Hall, because, while it has the same area, it is much more cosy and more finely furnished.

PROGRAMME.

Comic PANT MIM—By Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, son of ex-United States Senator Sawyer, assisted by E. W. Frisbee—HUMPHRY DUMPHY BROTHERS.

These performances are sure to keep the audience in a roar of laughter for two hours. After the Pantomime, there will be a competitive dance for young ladies. A prize will be given to the two best dancers.

Hearing persons who are experts, have been engaged as judges for the occasion. Music will be provided for dancing. Various games and amusements will be inaugurated.

Oh, what lots of fun! The famous "Dumb Band" will play. Members of this, who turn out the best players, will be awarded a prize. Those who excel in other games, will also be awarded prizes.

Ample opportunity will be afforded those who wish to play the old year out and the new year in, as this will be an all night party.

SPECIAL NOTICE.